



TO THE MEMOR

of the deceased Authour Maiste

W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liv-
Thy Tombe, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alivie shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares, eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall revivie, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleevue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges

To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare.

WE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so so-
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-room.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.